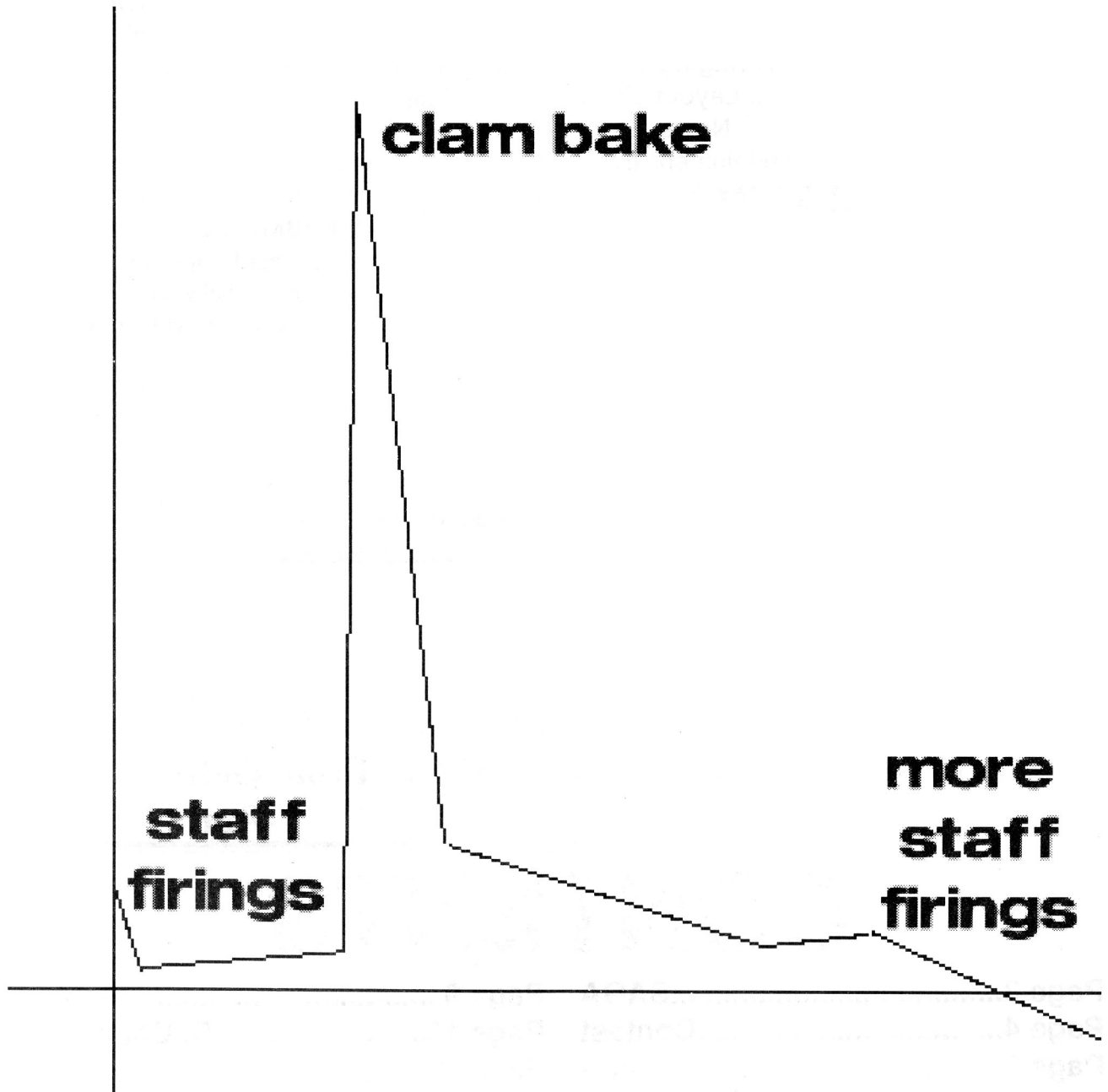


THE OMEN



Student Approval of Faculty (X: Time, Y: Approval Rate)

The Omen

Volume 9, Number 3

February 28, 1997

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Josie Schroeder.....Proofreading
Jonathan Land.....Stick Figures/Father Figure

CONTRIBUTORS

Seth Engelhard
Duran Goodyear
Lauren Ryder
Sara Matzan
Alex Gouirand

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Jon Klein (E-405, box 1568), or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

**“So DMC if You’re Ready, the People Rockin’ Steady, you
Drive a Big Car and Get Your Gas From Getty”**

-Run

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SAGA

Ok kids. Time for putting the dots on the i's. Everybody who works at Saga is getting sick of your obnoxious attitude. I'm sure you're all nice, intelligent people and all, but it seems like you all regress about fifteen years as soon as you go through those double doors, which, when you think about it, is detrimental to YOU more than it is to us.

First things first. The magic board. This particular board has been put there so that students may make announcements and comments—not demands—to the whole community and to the people who work at Saga. If you write something like "Now, there isn't really any tomatoes in the tomato sauce, is there now?" (this was actually seen, believe me), you should realize that a) you're really stupid—what are we going to put in the tomato sauce, your menses?!? and that b) if you put it more nicely, maybe, just maybe, one of the managers would find it in their heart to get another kind of tomato sauce, or whatever it is you would like, if that is possible.

Now my next issue is this: when you don't bus your tray, it should occur to you that someone, who is getting paid by Saga, will have to bus it for you. We do not like to have to carry

around someone else's regurgitated food and whoever thinks it's funny, or cool, it's just a demonstration of utter disrespect for those of us who are trying to support ourselves rather than waiting for our weekly trust fund check to come in the mail. Besides, you're not funny and you're not cool. You are the basest of all idiots, and you're father's condom was faulty. In any case, the time it takes for us to bus your tray is paid by Saga, and therefore comes out of your pocket. This may not seem like much money, but over four years, it can accumulate very quickly. And remember folks, whether and wherever you leave a cup, napkin, newspaper or tray, we still have to take it to the dishroom.

Here is another very simple concept: the juice bins don't drain. When you empty your cup into a full bin, it will overflow. And spill on the counter, which, once again, somebody will have to clean up for you. I can hear you saying, "Well, in that case, why don't they keep the juice dispensers full?" There is a very easy solution to this problem. Here it is: After you realize there is no more juice, you empty your cup into the soda bin, and instead of making extremely loud whining

noises, hoping that someone will run up and change the juice, you calmly inform a Saga worker of the problem, and they will gladly oblige. It works, really.

Some of the more eco-friendly students believe that they will save the world by not using a plate. Wrong. The dishmachine runs whether your plate has been put through or not. Moreover, the amount of water and chemical cleaning supplies we use increases when we have to clean up the tofu, sprouts and hummus you left behind. So save the planet. Use a plate.

You all have seen the sign justifying our unseemly use of paper cups. So many mugs have been stolen over such a short period of time that the Saga managers refuse to buy anymore. Remember that each time you take a mug out of the premises, the price of board increases. Very frankly, I don't want to pay more than I already am because some of you are too lazy to return the mugs you took out. So please, return those mugs, and stop stealing them.

If we kick you out of the dining commons, it's not because we don't like you. It's because we're trying to get the place clean as fast as possible, so we can get

Continued on Page 14

Announcing the 1st Annual

"Why I Hate the Omen" Contest

**The Most Creative Entry Wins a 6-
Pack***

**Drop Submissions in Box 1007, Box
1568, or E-Mail to
Omen@Hampshire.edu**

**Contributors Must be of Legal Drinking Age*



Uber-Sheep

Big news in genetics this week. The Scottish have successfully made the first clone of an adult mammal. It was, of course, a sheep. One can almost hear them now:

"hey, this 'eres a fine specimen of ewe. She don' kick too much a'tall. Soft wool, too."

This reminds me of a plethora of sheep related jokes, all of which I will be glad to share with you via e-mail, but not in this family oriented publication.

The prospect of the perfect sheep also peeked the interest of our great president, who is, after all, from Arkansas. He immediately commissioned a group of top experts to look into the legal and moral implications this would have on human cloning, which is still legal in this coun-

try. Perhaps he would like to create a less feisty Hillary, or non-litigious Ms. Jones. The moral and legal possibilities are endless.

I would like to propose that we start our own cloning program here at the camp. We have laboratories. We have scientists. Hell, we even have sheep. First, we breed the perfect sheep. After a rigorous testing ordeal, for which we will need an eager volunteer expert from West Virginia, we move on to the cloning stage. This will entail creating an entire fleet of Uber-Sheep.

The Uber-Sheep will then be used to replace key campus groups. First, the student-action committee. It will be weeks before anybody notices the difference between the softly pleat-

ing ungulates and the easily riled students, aside from the vast improvement in hair style.

Next we move on to the administration. Tie a bell around the neck of one and call it the president. The rest of the administration will follow it around. If we follow up by replacing the faculty, I predict a vast improvement in administration-faculty relations. We will witness unprecedented consensus in such diverse areas as Lamb Chow and electric fences. Dr. Coppenger's sheep-dog program will receive unprecedented funding. The residual costs of outfitting the entire staff with shepherd's crooks will be easily covered by selling wool.

If you are interested in joining this glorious movement, or just want to hear some truly off-

-Chris Ruge, News Editor

This Space Intentionally Left Blank

Jeff Gets Insecure

Howdy partners! I realized this week that my column in *The Omen* really serves no purpose, except to fill space. The *Omen* has news, movie and music reviews, fun spots in the Pioneer Valley, priceless works of stick-figure art, and more bitching and opinion than you can shake a stick at. I mean, what the hell am I doing? I guess all my column is is a space where I can write whatever crap comes into my head or whatever crap I can crank out 2 hours before the deadline.

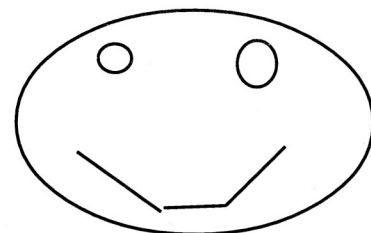
So...this week, I'm going to tell you about an event which none of you have probably ever attended, but have probably harbored a secret desire to. Yes, the Indianapolis 500. The Greatest Spectacle in Racing. Held every Memorial Day in Speedway, Indiana (near my hometown of Carmel, In.), it truly is a rich experience. To me, rich experiences aren't always fond ones. To me, a memory is rich if it is intense and stands out in your mind as a particularly pleasurable, painful, aggravating, heart-wrenching, uncomfortable, or euphoric. When I was about 10 or so, I went to the Indy 500 and it was all of these things. Before I continue, I am not a racing enthusiast. It's a part of my life because I grew up with it. Most racing enthusiasts are men, aged 30 and up, with very, very red necks. They drive from places like Peoria, Ill, Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Lexington, Ken-

tucky, or further. Racing nuts take the month of May off at work to invade the tiny neighborhood of Speedway (home of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway), and they stay the entire month. Residents of Speedway make a tidy profit by charging people to park in their yards; your only other option for parking may or may not lie within an adjacent county. Once you park, you walk to the track, but this is no ordinary walk. You walk through a veritable Grateful Dead show lot scene, except everybody is a hick. It's completely the same atmosphere, but instead of veggie burritos, they're grilling whole pigs on sticks (complete with an apple stuffed in the mouth). Instead of beads and tie-dyes, they're selling plastic Dale Earnhardt race cars (O' y'know...fer the kids...) and Pennzoil or Penske t-shirts. Everyone is drinking Miller Lite and has been for about three weeks, without pause. No drum circles to be found; only the twangs of a slide guitar and the sing-songy drawl of Hank Williams Jr.

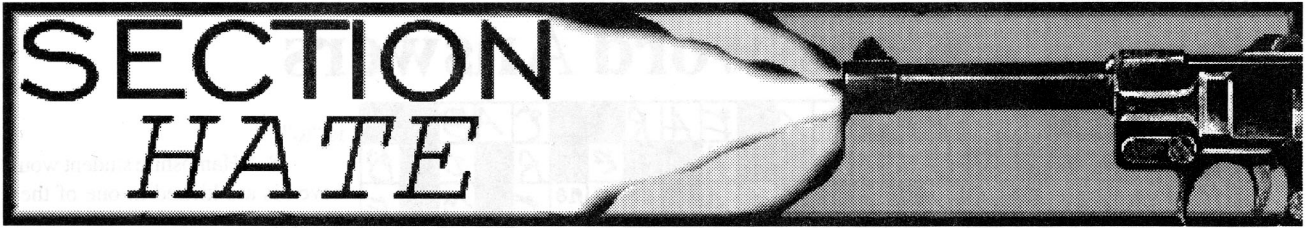
Once you get inside the track, the classicism begins. Either your seats are in the grandstand or the infield. The grandstand is where the nice, respectable folks sit (seats at the first turn, under the shade of the grandstand are the prize. Good view of the straightaway, the pits, where the cars are serviced, and the start and finish line.), while

the plebeian don their infield bleachers. The infield is the most rich aspect of the Indy 500. The section at the third turn is known as the Snake Pit. The Snake Pit is where Shit Goes On. This is where the seven good ol' boys from Cairo, Illinois park the pickup truck and sit in their black Vince Gill t-shirts cut at the midriff, in lawn chairs on the back of their GMC Sonomas and drink cans of Miller Lite and holler at people walking by, "Show us your tits!". Some of them even make creative signs to get passerbys in halter tops with 4-H hair to flash them. I swear to Christ I'm not making any of this up. It's race fans like this, combined with the stench of ethanol gasoline, burning rubber, \$5 hot dogs, the inch of beer-sludge on the floors of the grandstand, the pissing troughs in the mens' rooms, a senile Mrs. Tony George Hullman (the octogenarian owner of the racetrack) announcing in a warbly 8? year old voice, "Gentlemen, start your engines" and the blue-collar Mardi Gras that is the month of May in Indy, which make, to me,

-Jeff Barnett, Omen Staffer



Really, Really Happy
Jordan Strauss
1997



Hey, Kids: Brenden This

As a charter member of a gaggle of girls, I'd like to reply to the inept characterization of Girlie Gaggles published in the last issue of the Omen.

Let me say straight off that I am immensely proud of my ability to burst into gales of high-pitched laughter at the smallest cue. Without my girlish titters life would be so dull. Instead of laughing joyously at life's daily antics, I'd have to resort to complaining about the government, SAGA, and stupid hippies as my source of amusement. And even then, I still wouldn't be able to let laughter peal out of my mouth like a fresh mountain breeze. My expressions of humor would be limited to sardonic grimaces that only remotely resembled grins, and strangled guffaws that barely approximated true laughter, that lovely music of the soul.

Dear Reader, can you picture the sad souls I'm portraying? Those lonesome kiddies who feel the need to wear black all the time, walk around with 14 knives tucked near their genitalia, and are so afraid of the world they won't even sit in SAGA without first scoping out all the accessible escape routes. The closest they get to laughter is a sardonic smirk as they derail the Maoist International Movement (a worthy organization of high-class indi-

viduals, by the way), or verbally smash pretty boys wearing skirts and lipstick (those sissies). Oh, I'm sorry, I should say that folks in this category do occasionally get genuinely excited and crack beautiful bright smiles, but only when they're describing a scene involving dwarves, elves, and vampires.

And then there's that group of pretentious boys who think they're just too cool to break out in laughter at the smallest things. These poor souls walk around with pained expressions on their faces, always ready to make a smart remark about philosophy, telecommunications, the stupidity of the general public, or the economic superiority of communism. Has anyone noticed that half the things these dumb boys say are gross generalizations, anyway? (And to any pretentious boy who's reading this article and thinking, "Hey, who is that bitch to talk about generalizations after writing this article?", I'll just say that each component of these seeming stereotypes is modeled very specifically after a particular person on the Hampshire campus. Suck that up, dumb boy.)

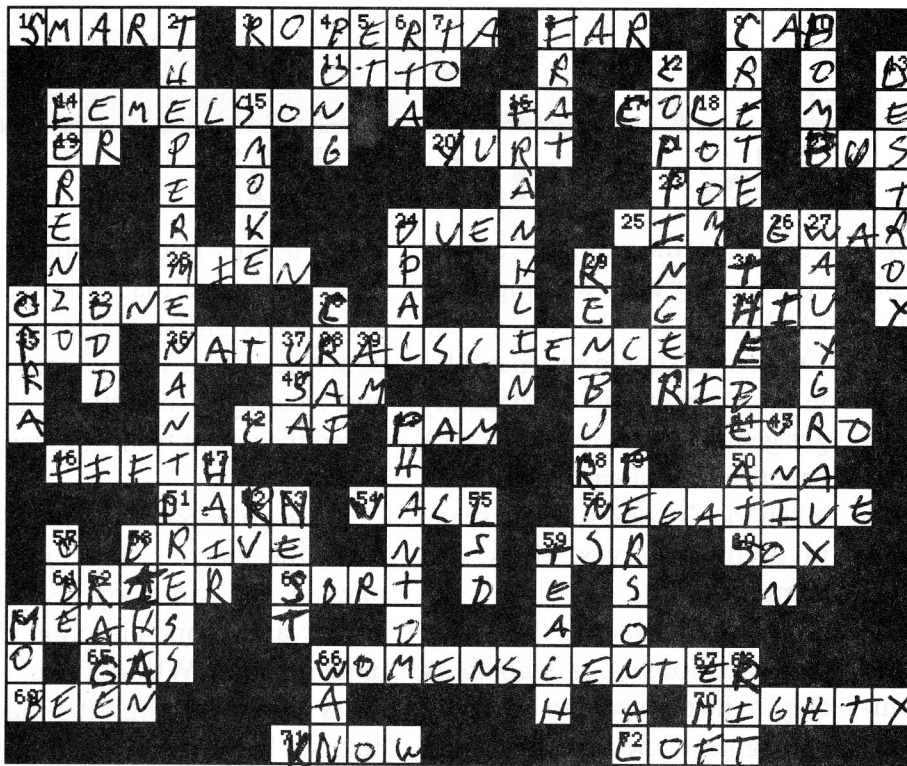
And in our list of people who can't laugh, let's not forget the hippies who are simply too flexible and relaxed to force their

lanky bodies into the doubled-over contortions that necessarily accompany girlish giggles. The combined forces of yoga, pot, and Massage Collectives have saved the world from gaggles of hippie chicks.

Laughter is wonderful. The more the merrier. The higher-pitched, the more joyous. The louder and more piercing, the more exultant. Why not laugh at every possible thing? It's much better to laugh over spilled milk, so to speak, than cry, bitch, and blame the stupid hippies. Why add more sourness your life? Why make yourself uglier? Ninety-nine percent of the time, faces look more beautiful when graced with a smile. Yeah, dumb boy, laughing a lot, and thus appearing to be a fun person with a sense of humor, might get you a girlfriend. At the very least, laughing in public makes you look to bystanders like you have your own private joke. Like you know some secret, enabling you to enjoy the situation more than they can. Thus, dumb boy, joyous laughter a la a gaggle of girls can in fact add to your pretentious airs. Laughter is truly lovely. Let us give exultant thanks to gaggles of girls everywhere.

-Sara Matzen, Contributor

Crossword Answers



is "to".

8. A Hampshire student would have his ass kicked in one of these houses.

9. Greek island

10. It's the ____

12. Just wrote a book on fishing dogs

13. "____ She Said"

14. We have all supported his drinking habits

15. Remember when we could do this in SAGA?

16. ____ Patterson

18. Weaving tool

24. Oct. birthstone or hippie name

27. Flavor courtesy of a Hamp. Board of Trustees member (2 words)

29. May someday do a documentary on the collapse of his alma mater (2 words)

30. Popular H&A class (2 words)

31. Most useless area to re-

1. What students transferring are

3. Better than the weather channel

8. The ____ Side

9. Checker, for example

11. Bus driver in the Simpsons

14. Hampshire wasted a lot of his money

16. ____ a long, long way to run.

17. It's about time that someone take this over again.

19. Either ____

20. The most over-referenced building on campus

21. The reason behind fire drills at 4:20

22. What work study students have to take

23. SS Professor

24. Toasty Dakin room

25. ____ City

26. Scum Dogs of the Universe

28. Shrimp Lo ____

31. Located between the n-zone and the p-zone.

34. Don't have sex without a condom or this may get on you (abr.)

35. Pea ____

36. It's now two-course (2 words)

40. A Merrill intern (abr.)

41. Piece of a dinner at Bub's

42. Standard Umass wear

43. Writes an inane Q&A column.

44. ____ - Irasn

46. The year every Hampshire student fears.

48. Liquor Store initials.

50. ____ - Ng

51. Needed in order to gain

54. Democracy ____

56. The ____ Space

58. REM song

59. Gaming company (abr.)

60. Chinese condiment

61. Not wetter but...

63. Let God ____ them out

64. 15 or 19 a week

65. Ford food

66. The location of the largest stockpile of tea on campus (2 words)

69. ____ there, done that.

70. The Mighty ____ Bosstones

71. To ____ is not enough

72. Prized Prescott lodging

DOWN

2. Longest running Hampshire newspaper (3 words)

4. A carb or slide.

5. If he phoned home from Hampshire ACC would disconnect the call (initials)

6. Valley bus system (initials)

7. You can have this one. The word

ceive a degree in (abr.)

32. What most Hampshire students are

33. Another name for calico skillet

37. The best damn country in the world (initials)

39. Sam I ____

43. The ____ Tollbooth

45. Hampshire stopped Phys. Plant attempts to form this

47. Ultimate hippie play/movie.

49. You are invading my ____ space.

52. Popular way to use heroin (abr.)

53. ____ egg

55. A new batch just came into the area.

57. ____ to Joy

58. This incoherent singer's son went to Hampshire

59. Those who can't do ____

62. Gen X Porn magazine.

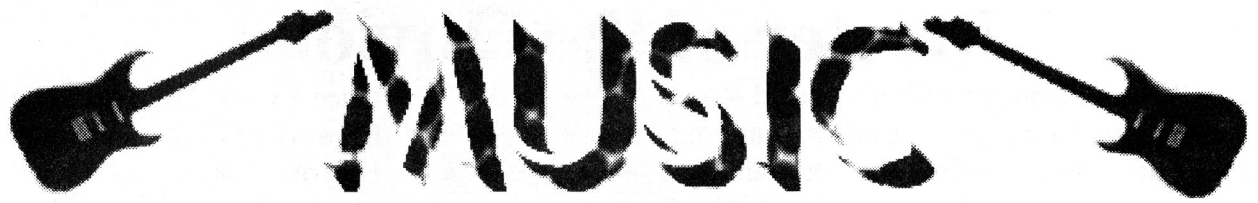
64. We would not be surprised if Greg had ties to this.

66. Pale

67. Unbelievable band

72. Popular fabric dye.

- Lauren Ryder and Ben Sanders,
Omen Staffers



Ska'd For Life

With some slight trepidation I'm wearing a different hat in this issue- i.e.,

I'm trying to review a show I went to at Pearl Street on Saturday, Feb. 22, which was *The Skatalites*, with sets by two other bands, one whose name I didn't quite catch, and the other, *Johnny Too Bad & The Strikeouts* from Connecticut, featuring Hampshire's own Mara Breen on trombone.

I have to tell you that what I don't know about Ska would quite nicely fill two UMASS libraries at least, but I know what I like. I like a good, greasy brass sound with lots of bari sax and trumpet, with plenty

of meshed bass and guitar underneath, and believe me, folks, if this is your chash of chai, and if you want to hear some killer solos, keep your eyes peeled for *Johnny Too Bad & The Strikeouts*. They serve it up hot and they serve it up smokin', and my God they write damn clever songs. I'd like to take this opportunity to say: Go Mara!

Never mind the middle band, anyway, whose name was *The Pufferfish* or something like that. But *The Skatalites* were amazing. A sound as warm and spicy as home-made marinara, with almost palpable backbeat, precisely al dente. The good grease again, with each player's

phrasing like a different course. All through the set I was thinking how much I love this music and how it gets right to the center of your emotions- if you feel sad it knows this and listens to you like a good friend, while it picks you up and physically connects you to the colossal "ba-CH- ba, ba-CH- ba" of the beat. I don't know what else to say except that *The Skatalites* and *The Strikeouts* make some of the best music on God's green earth. Next week I hope to be reviewing Mike Newell's new film "Donnie Brasco", with Al Pacino and Johnny Depp.

-Nick Edwards, Entertainment Editor

This Completely Defies Catagorization

We're Taking over Amber's Page

But we're not sleeping with the editor. Are you one of those people that get off on drool? Have you ever been Dried Up, Tied and Dead to the World? Have you ever seen the hairy butt-crack of a white, pasty guy? Well, neither did we, but at least he spit on us: different spit variations, such as drool, phlegm globs, projectile wine vomit, loogies, and the like. Have you ever had the feeling of being as close as you possibly can to the

God-of-fuck without being up his ass, while he's breaking bottles of blood...(o.k., maybe it was wine) and making love to the shattered remnants with his left nipple? He's so flexible as to make even a straight man want to sodomize him, as one of the writers of this column knows personally,² much to the dismay of the sexy drool fiend in the dress, playing bass with whom you're exchanging weird looks. Have you ever suspected one of your favorite Reverends to be a vampire?³ And then saw him

looking at Aemily's breasts, into her cleavage, and unfortunately realising it wasn't the Antichrist-Superstar himself, but rather the evil child-molesting security guard, wearing his rain poncho (inside) to protect himself from flying saliva and strange weather trends. (See endnote 2). At certain points during the show, the Spitting-Self-Mutilating-Child-Manipulating-Backwards-Masking-Accusation of a guy himself, left the stage for brief periods between songs, we suspect, to

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Master of the Obvious

Ok, heres another rant from your frustrated First year. But first. I have to apologize. The previous article I wrote last week had a small mathematical error in it. If you didn't see it, then you are as stupid as I was when I wrote it. So there.

Anyway. ACC. Lets talk about the worst Phone company in the world. ACC: no one is quite sure what it stands for, but heres the best theory that I have heard. ACC: Anti Christ Corporation. That's right folks, Diablo him self runs this little failure of a commercial venture. Let me tell you why they are a failure.

First, they have no concept of billing practices. I have

heard stories of people who go to Hampshire from another country, and call home, say once a month, for 2 minutes just to say hi and I love you and the other essentials. So how much is that a month, not much, 10 bucks for the long distance. Well here's the kicker. This person was charged over 300 dollars for one month of calling long distance. Mind you, he called no one except for his family in Timbucktu, and maybe the pizza man a few times. 300 dollars, that's a lot.

Second, they have the poorest technical support in the world. I have a very close and dear friend going to Mt. Holyoke down the road, I call her about

twice a week, Well, guess how I have to call her. Through Mt. Holyoke's switchboard. Not directly to her phone, but through the switchboard. Ok, so you say, why?

Well, when I try to call her directly, I get a busy signal, and when I told ACC, they said that they would have some one look at it. Well that was last semester. Yep, They suck.

Well, that's just the beginning, I'd go on, but I have run out of space.

Until next time faithful readers. Next week I think I'll chew something else out, what that will be, I have no idea yet.

-Duran Goodyear, Contributor

Where Has All The Chalk Gone?

I just wanted to say that chalk rules. No no, It rocks. It rocks my world. I'd just like to start out by saying there is no better way to rebel than to write on buildings, sidewalks, that little wall type thing in front of the library, and what have you. Chalk is the best way, by far, to change things you don't like about the college, or even to change society. I mean, there's really nothing else that is as effective as a nice long paragraph on the sidewalk between FPH and the library. Some foolish people might approach a problem that they hope to change other ways (such as a petition). Silly ways, if you ask me. But not those people who write in chalk, they know what's up (my apologies

for starting a sentence with "but"). Whenever I happen to see a commentary that I'm walking over, I always like to step aside and spend the couple of minutes it takes to decipher the washed out chalk scribble. I particularly like the messages that are in many pretty colors because those ones just make the campus look damn spiffy.

Alas, I am distressed, for there has been no chalk lately. I really hope it's only due to the bad weather we've been getting lately. I really am looking forward to when it gets warmer out so we can all have new scribblings to decipher around campus. So I encourage all you social reformists and rebels to stock up on your chalk. We need

people who can bring about change.

Any grammatical errors in the above column are not the fault of the author because he refuses to take responsibility for his errors.

The awkward writing style of the above stuff is not the fault of the author, it is the fault of his parents and his teachers in high school, and probably the government.

-Seth Engelhard, Omen Staffer



"Scream"
Jordan Strauss
1997

Pam Loses It

Dear Ask Pam,

I am a vegan who has been craving a big, fat, juicy, rare, blood-dripping, slab 'o cow. I'm afraid that if I eat meat I will be labeled a hypocrite forever. Is SAGA meat legally "meat" anyway? How long do you think this vegan trend will last anyway? Will it be fashionable to eat meat again soon?

Long Live Jerry
-Hippie Boy

Dear Hippie Boy,

I just love people like you. Those who can't do anything by means of their own desires and thoughts, and constantly need to be accepted by others. You make me want to puke. Well, since you did write to me for advice, I'll give you one chance to redeem yourself. You asked about SAGA meat being legitimate meat, well, it isn't, but I have bigger plans for you anyway. This is what I think you should do. Buy a knife, a big, sharp one. At around three or maybe four in the morning, head out to the field above the farm center, the one where they pen the sheep. Take one. Cut it up. Cook it. Eat it. Do this and you will have earned my and many other's admiration. Chicken out and you'll never forgive your pathetic, pseudo-vegan self. The choice is yours.

Dear Ask Pam,

I'm having trouble finding myself. I don't know how to

Ask Pam

Pamela Greenberg, Omen Staffer

figure out what my sexuality is, my personality type, how I should cut my hair, anything...I can't even remember if I'm right handed or left handed, or which one is cooler, or anything.

Signed,
Confused Transgender Grrrl

Dear CTG,

Well, since you're having so many problems identifying yourself, I will help you by giving you a list of who you might be, as a Hampshire student.

1. A dirty hippie. You will know that you're a dirty hippie if you don't shower often, have ever played in a drum circle, wear pants underneath a skirt, or cannot accept the fact that Jerry Garcia IS dead (refer to the first letter in this column). If this is the case you should not cut your hair at all. You should leave it, unwashed, until several different varieties of insects are happily residing in it, or you could put dreads in which is equally disturbing and disgusting. About being left or right handed, it doesn't matter, hippies have no real reason to write anything. But if you have to know, see which hand you hold the lighter in when you smoke from a bong. About your sexuality, your view as a hippie should be, "Hey man, it's all good." Coincidentally, this is

also your view on politics, academics, ecology, and millions of other topics.

2. A Goth. You will know that you're a Goth if your closet looks like a black hole, you buy black hair dye on a regular basis, or you own every Marilyn Manson album. As mentioned earlier, the only hair solution here is black, black, black. In fact, most things in your life would be dark and black if you were truly a Goth. If you find yourself writing angsty poetry over things like SAGA not serving french toast sticks for breakfast, chances are you're leaning in the Goth direction. You should write these poems with whichever hand feels least comfortable, it will add to the pain and anguish of your miserable existence. Don't worry about your sexuality in this case, you'll be too busy be angsty and dark to date.

3. The feminist. You will know that you're a feminist because you have rainbow rings on your key chain, your coat rack, your rear-view mirror, and your neck (whether your are homosexual or not); you love to tell people about your lesbian adventures, and generally you hate men. From my observations feminists thrive off having people dislike them. You will listen only to musicians like Tori Amos, Ani DiFranco, Seven Year

Continued on Next Page

Pam's Rants

Continued From Previous Page

Bitch, and PJ Harvey. Also, you would NEVER spell "womyn" with an "e". Use whichever hand you want in this group, your peers will love and respect you just because you hate men and are more opinionated than Congress.

4. Gamers. You will know that you're a gamer because you have no concept of reality, you have a large collection of swords, and your hall smells like something died in it (and something may well have). Gamers are notorious for bad handwriting (except when it comes to drawing detailed pictures of fictional

people and creatures) so it doesn't matter which hand you use as long as you're illegible, especially to non-gamers. Gamers are also not a well like group, in fact, people like to do nasty things to them, like setting off fire extinguishers in their hall. You're probably bisexual, but gamer groups tend to be somewhat incestuous so you'll probably fool around with everyone you hang out with and then have major dramas about the situation.

Some other things that might help you fit in are: body piercings, dying your hair any color that doesn't occur naturally, shaving your head, puking on an

enemy in front of everyone in SAGA, giving people that you want to be your friends free alcohol or marijuana, mooning Greg Prince. Hope that this was helpful to you. But just so that no one here at the oh so diverse Hampshire College campus feels left out, there are some other groups that I forgot to name (hip-hops, computer dorks, introverts, anyone who has a home theater in his dorm room, philosophy majors, moody heterosexual girls who live on all women's halls, etc.). This is because they're unimportant and nobody likes them anyhow.

To submit a question to ask pam, e-mail it to:

askpam@neural.hampshire.edu

Scoring

For decades, world citizens have been ignoring one of the most burning social issues of all time. College students especially should have long ago come to a conclusion upon the subject, given the extraordinary advantages a conclusion of the matter would bring. Given the upcoming shift in not only century but millennia, we must decide which sex can most easily "score," if you will, on the first date.

First, one must define the parameters of the discussion. In order to properly "score," a participating individual must knowingly and with premeditated intent engage himself or herself in sexual intercourse within the first twenty-four hours of either meet-

ing a given potential partner, or upon commencing a "dating" relationship with said partner.

Naturally, a theorist upon the topic will first explain that it takes two to "tango," and that it is therefore equally difficult for either sex to "score." Though it does in fact take two to tango, rarely does a couple meet with plans for a nearly immediate sexual romp. One of the pair must have a preexisting drive to overcome the other's resistance to blitzkrieg carnal intentions, obstacles such as self-respect, various religious affiliations, endangerment to reputation, and the lacking of shared love.

Given the nature of the challenge, a women can with

more validity make the claim that she is able, on any given night, to find a sexual partner. The first thing a person looking to "make a night of it" must do is worm their way into their victims sphere of comfort. They must become charming, and anesthetize their target's pride and inhibition. Women can more easily do this because men, as a rule, have no pride or self-respect when it comes to intimate relations. Men care less about their innocence than they do their loins, and are easily coerced by suggestive magazines and posters, let alone a living, breathing female.

Because many men are

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Cancer-Man

This week's not-so-exciting place is a bit different. You can't go there and have any fun just yet, so let's just call this part one of two. Part two will be published as soon as the information is available. I swear.

Everybody knows the sign, but nobody ever stops by — the "Dinosaur tracks" sign about half a mile south on 116. You know, the sign with the poor quality hand painted dinosaur?

Driving back from an 8 AM class at Mount Holyoke last week, I finally decided to stop in and see the tracks. Now aside from the dino tracks, there's another bizarre looking hand painted sign, boasting that the cure for cancer lay right down the road. The sign promised me videos of cancer being cured in poultry and humans. Oooh boy was I excited by this. The entrance was blocked by a huge gate, and the entire driveway was covered with undisturbed snow.

Aside from the 'Honk for dino' sign, driving past the house was rather uneventful. By the third time I drove past, there was obviously nothing going on. I pulled the car off the road on to a pile of snow and got out.

I took several not-so-exciting pictures of the dino sign, and several more of the not-so-exciting house.

I crept all around the yard looking for tracks without any luck. All this snooping and not a single dinosaur. It was pretty upsetting. I took a few more pic-

Fun For All Ages

Jon Klein, Editor-in-Cheif

tures of the sign, then turned to leave. "This dino land sure does suck", I thought to myself, "Pretty crummy dinosaurs".

As I walked back towards the house, an old not-so-impressive looking car pulled up in front of me. I really wish I could tell you what kind of car it was, but like I said... It was not-so-impressive.

A strange old man rolled down his window... "You wanna see the dino tracks?"

"Ooooooh boy would I ever..." I could hardly contain myself.

"Well, you'll have to come back in a few weeks... we're closed for the winter."

He paused briefly before saying, "Sure is a shame... what the government is doing, doncha think?"

"Excuse me?", I asked, looking around suspiciously.

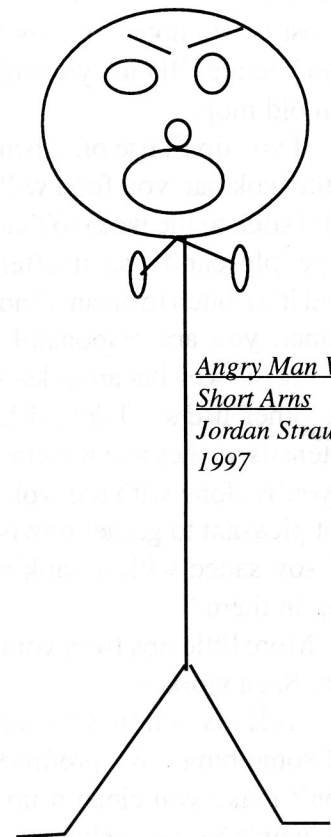
The man went off on some horrible tirade about the US government. Unfortunately, due to the fact that he was obviously crazy and hadn't had much human contact over the past 50 years, the only words I could make out were "poultry", "doctors", and "congress".

"Doncha think?", he ended.

Not understanding what was going on, but somewhat afraid of the consequences of discord, I readily agreed. "Absolutely."

He went off again. Getting angrier and angrier. "Money", "capitalists", and "cowards" were all I could make out this time. I'm only slightly exaggerating here, I swear. I told him I'd like to see it. I told him I believed him. I tried to use my most soothing "you're-not-crazy-just-misunderstood" tone, as behind my back I nervously gripped a car key between my middle and fore-fingers. Forgetting the horrible things the government was doing to him, he lightened up and said, "Come back in a few weeks, right?"

I assured him that I would. I'll let you know what happens.



*Angry Man With
Short Arms
Jordan Strauss,
1997*

Scoring

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shameless, and are often in awe when a woman even winks at them, the female gender must exercise gentility when it comes to dealing with the average man. The man is accustomed to being shot down, and is often content to just go home and watch "NFL's Greatest Football Follies" in misery with the rest of his loser friends. Men may technically have the potential to sweep a woman off her feet, but the vast majority are hopelessly unable to even imitate the skills of Don Juan.

But, one may say, men have *more often* initiated and followed through with a "Don Juanian" en-

counter. This is only because men make so many attempts. If one were to use a basketball analogy, men would have scored more baskets than women. However, their shot percentage would probably be down around ten percent, whereas women probably make more than eighty percent of their shots. Even from the three point line.

Though the debate is unsettled, it has been redrawn. Can women find a mate more easily than men? Do they care to do so often as many men? Are men the hopeless buffoons they make themselves out to be? Only our mothers know,

assuming, of course, that the birds and the bees were accurate informers.

-Mat Lauritsen, Omen Staffer

More Music

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visit his little monkey that bought the farm. For an encore we were hoping he would bring his little monkey out (on stage) and play with it, but alas... in vain, we digress...

So, uhhh, remeber the time those guys in the muscle shirts lifted us off the ground and we had to sick Jenn on them? We sure do, but we digress...

So, how about the cock on that muther-fucker? We were so close to the stage I could almost taste it.... (Aemily and Jenn: that's the last time we give the keyboard to Casey for a second while not looking). Dooo-T-Do...Casey digresses. Anyway, the show sure kicked (our) ass(es). Our father-figure⁶ left us wanting to repent. Our apologies to the parents.

¹.The Jewish spelling of the common Scottish name "Barr".

².Casey Nordell.

³.Hey Stupid! Do blizzards normally burst out in the middle of Springfield Civic Centre even if it is Feb. (It's inside dummy!)

⁴.Palindrome⁵

⁵.If you dropped out of the forth grade, look it up!

⁶. In case you haven't figured it out yet, white trash, we've decided to clue you in at this point that it is "Marilyn Manson".

*-Aemily Resher, Casey Nordell,
Jennifer Barr-DiPiazza, Staffers*

More SAGA

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out of there as fast as possible. So for those of you who wrote on the board that we were rude and mean, go fuck yourself with a broomstick, assholes. If I find out who you are I'll kick you out with an old mop.

If you don't use oil when using the wok bar, you food will burn and stick to the wok, so that other people can't use it after you, and it's a bitch to clean. And remember, you are responsible for leaving the wok bar area clean for the other users. Take ALL your utensils, dishes and napkins when you're done with the wok. It is not pleasant to gather bowls full of soy sauce with a napkin floating in them.

More little tips from your friendly Saga worker:

-Tell us when you've spilled something. We promise we won't make you clean it up, and we won't be mean about it.

-I understand your need to sit at Saga all night and discuss the reproduction of shrimp in a mediterranean environment, but you've got work to do. And so do we.

-Consider this concept: bring the plate to the food. Not the other way around. That way, there will be no peas in your rice, and the world will be a better place.

-When you put sugar in your mug, DON'T stir with the sugar spoon!!! It's a disgusting habit, and people don't want to deal with wet sugar.

Ok. I think we've wrapped this up. All these little tips may seem petty, but these are things you should know without anybody telling you. So enjoy your meal, if you don't like the food, go eat at UMass, and see what you're missing.

-Alex Gouirand F94, Contributor